Sex Education

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“Good afternoon, ladies,” said Mr. Harrison as the girls took their seats. Some of the fourteen-year-olds were chattering about the upcoming school break; some were discussing last night's episode of Hollyoaks, and as usual a few were giggling over various boys at the neighbouring boys only grammar. A couple simply sat down looking bored. Mr Harrison's SexEd class wasn't exactly exciting. He had the ability to make even the most interesting subject (and sex is certainly interesting at fourteen) seem totally devoid of life or relevance. His voice didn't flicker from its usual drone as he took the register.  
  
“Rachel.”  
“Here, sir.”  
“Jane.”  
“Here, sir.”  
“Margaret.”  
“Here, sir.”  
“Kelly.”  
“Here, sir.”  
“Catherine.”  
“Here, sir.”  
  
Susan Henning drifted, bored, just alert enough, as schoolgirls have been for generations, to answer to her name without missing a beat. 'Here we go again,' she thought. 'Wonder what Harry's going to bore us with today.'  
  
“Alright ladies, since this is the last lesson of the term, and somewhat unusual, Miss Grant will be assisting me.” A small wintry smile from the small greying man. “If you wouldn't mind handing them out, Miss Grant?”  
  
The girls sat up, suddenly alert, as Miss Grant, the deputy head, walked along the rows of desks, placing a strip of black cloth on each. Several of them exchanged questioning glances.  
  
“As you can see, ladies, Miss Grant has placed a blindfold on each of your desks. Please put them on.”  
  
Hesitantly, Susan reached for the blindfold, and tied it round her eyes. It felt strange, not uncomfortable, but nervous. She felt soft hands checking her head, and Miss Grant's voice beside her said “Good.” Somehow it was reassuring. She heard the woman walk between the desks, and her voice repeating the phrase, and correcting a couple of her classmates.  
  
“A shape will be placed on the desk in front of you. Take it in your hand. I shall read out various shapes; when your shape is called out, raise your hand. Everyone clear?”  
A chorus of 'yes, sir's answered the question.  
“Pyramid with triangular base.”  
“Pyramid with rectangular base.”  
“Sphere.”  
“Eight-sided diamond.”  
“Cube.” Susan raised her hand. She felt the sun coming through the window, warm on her face.  
  
“Thank you, ladies. Now, I will explain the rest of this lesson. First, let me clarify that this has been cleared with the governors of the school, and the Local Education Authority. It is intended to give you a risk-free insight into your own sexuality, and is somewhat experimental. I give you my personal guarantee that none of you will be harmed in any way. However, if any of you do not wish to participate, please stand up now, and Miss Grant will take you to the cool-off room where you can spend the rest of the hour doing your homework.” He paused, then went on, “No takers? Why does that not surprise me?”  
  
“Alright, what will happen is that I will call your names in turn. Miss Grant will take you next door. If you have drawn a .... mmm, let's see.. a cube, you will be required to remove your underpants.” A collective gasp. Susan felt her face flush and squirmed in her chair. He couldn't be serious.  
“Quiet.” Miss Grant's familiarly strict voice stilled the class instantly. The deputy head had a deserved reputation as a severe disciplinarian.  
  
Mr. Harrison continued. “None of you know what shape the other girls drew. None of you will know which, if any, of your classmates is bare under her skirt. You are strictly forbidden to discuss the matter with anyone else in the school, whether you are or are not wearing knickers. At the end of the day, that is after your next lesson, the entire class will return here. We will repeat the roll call, and Miss Grant will again take each of you next door, where your undergarments will be returned to you. Your homework will be to write an essay, explaining how you felt taking a lesson in the knowledge that some of your friends or indeed yourself were knickerless. Am I clear?”  
A subdued murmur of 'yes sir's came from the nervous girls. Susan could hardly get the words out. She was going to walk around the school without knickers. Oh God. She was suddenly thankful that none of the other girls could see her burning face.  
  
Mr. Harrison started on the register. For once she was paying close attention; she thought, behind the reassuring darkness of the blindfold, that some of her friends were doing the same. You could really sense the tension. She heard “Rachel”, her friend standing, footsteps and the click of a door, then a pause for what seemed like ages, before the door must have opened again and the footsteps were repeated. Then “Jane”, and the process was repeated.  
  
“Susan,” came too soon. She stood as she felt Miss Grant take her gently by the elbow and lead her into the small office next door, shutting the door with a soft click.   
  
“Your shape was?”  
  
She swallowed. “ A cube, miss.”  
  
“Yes, it was. Reach under your skirt and take off your knickers; I'm sure you can do it without exposing yourself, but I'm sure you understand now why I am assisting this class. Rather me than Mr. Harrison, eh?”   
  
Susan flushed, and fumbled under her school skirt, pulling the flimsy garment to her knees and stepping out of it. Miss Grant's arm moved her gently aside, and she felt her kneel to pick them up.  
“ Good girl. I know this is a little embarrassing, but remember, none of your friends will know.”  
Susan nodded, suddenly aware of every slight movement of air and of a stiffening in her nipples. She blushed again hoping her sudden arousal wasn't noticed. The gentle hand guided her back to her seat.   
  
She felt the rough material of her skirt against her naked buttocks. Oh shit. She tried to calm herself by concentrating on her breathing, like they'd been shown in gym class last year. She heard her classmates' names being called, footsteps and the door opening and closing as if she was dreaming. Eventually, Sarah's name, last on the register, was called.  
  
“Alright ladies. You may remove your blindfolds. The bell is about to ring. Miss Grant will accompany you to your next class. I will see you back here later. Stand.”  
  
The girls stood, awaiting dismissal, the bell rang and Mr. Harrison said “Class dismissed.”   
  
Not looking at each other, the girls followed Miss Grant to the English department. Susan wondered how many of them were bare under their skirts, and tried not to think about her own potential exposure, tried to walk normally so no-one would notice. Fortunately the other girls were not looking at anyone except Miss Grant.  
  
Susan normally enjoyed English. Mrs. Carpenter was one of her favourite teachers. Today, though, she could hardly concentrate. She tried hard to be normal, but all she could think about was her naked sex and the moistness starting to ooze from her opening. God, she was getting randy! She looked up at the clock.  
  
“Today's homework will be an essay on the relationship between Romeo and Juliet. I want it handed in first week of next term, and it better be at least three pages. So write it down.” Mrs. Carpenter paused, then repeated herself in an exasperated tone.  
  
“Girls, write it down. Homework planners out please. Honestly what has got into you today?” She shook her head. “Stand please.” They all stood. The bell rang.  
  
Not speaking, the class walked slowly back towards 'C' block and Mr. Harrison. Susan was about to speak to her best friend Karen when she spotted Miss Grant and abruptly shut her mouth. Karen gave her a faint, nervous smile. Was she in the same boat? Or just nervous in case there was something else to come?  
  
Mr. Harrison smiled briefly as the girls filed in. They all looked very nervous at the sight of the blindfold on each desk.  
  
“Settle down, ladies. Please sit and put the blindfolds back on. Miss Grant and I will be asking some questions, and I'm sure none of you want your friends to see your answers. The blindfolds will ensure that you can be honest.”  
  
'What about you, you bastard?' Susan thought as she tied the black cloth around her eyes. She felt her nipples stiffening again.  
  
She felt the cloth move slightly as it was tugged more precisely into place.   
  
Miss Grant's voice was brisk, no-nonsense. “Girls, I want to thank you for taking part in this lesson. I know it's been unusual, but I think, and the school thinks, you've all done very well. Now, I want you to answer the questions honestly; your answers will go no further, and will not impact on your time at this school in any way. We want your real opinions, not what you might think you should pretend to think. So, first question, raise your hand if you have removed your knickers.”  
Jane Grant smiled thinly as every hand went up. Of course.  
  
“Hands down. Raise your hand if you were embarrassed by today's class.” Not every hand went up this time.  
  
“Raise your hands if you enjoyed today's class.” She noted with interest that Karen Wagner and Sarah Williams were the only two to raise their hands, although several hands trembled slightly before going back down.  
  
“Raise your hands if you found yourself thinking about sex in your English class.” Again every hand went up.  
“Raise your hands if you have became sexually aroused since removing your knickers.” Susan put her hand up, blushing. “Don't worry about it if you did. It's perfectly natural.” Unseen by the standing blindfolded girls, both teachers smiled at the sight of everyone's hand in the air.   
  
“Raise your hand if you want to put your knickers back on.” Susan raised her hand, then lowered it. Suddenly she wanted to keep this feeling of exposure and arousal. Miss Grant noted her reaction with interest and nodded to her colleague. Four of the girls including Susan had their hands down.  
  
“Raise your hand if you would like to know who of your classmates is bare under her skirt.” Almost every hand went up, Sarah Williams being the sole exception.  
  
“Raise your hand if you are prepared to show your classmates if you are bare.” She laughed as not one hand was raised. “What, so few? Even though almost all of you want to know about your friends? Isn't that just a little hypocritical girls?”  
  
Susan suddenly realised what that must mean. They must all be pantyless. She suddenly couldn't help herself and giggled.   
  
“Something funny, Susan?” Mr. Harrison's voice broke into her thoughts.   
“No, sir.” On an impulse she raised her hand.  
  
“Susan, you have a question?” Miss Grant asked.  
“No, miss.”   
  
Miss Grant said nothing for a long minute.  
“I see. Mr Harrison, would you mind stepping into the office? I think we need to finish up for the afternoon.” They heard the footsteps as he moved away, then the door opening and closing.  
  
“Class, in a minute I am going to leave you alone. You may then remove your blindfolds. You will have your essay ready to hand in tomorrow. However, before I go, I will place your knickers on the desks in front of you, those of you who are missing them. You may put them on or leave them off, at your leisure. Susan Henning, I think you can remove your blindfold before I leave.”  
  
She took off the dark cloth, and looked at the woman. Miss Grant suddenly smiled and nodded towards the desks. A pair of knickers lay on each one. Susan grinned. She'd been right. Miss Grant walked up to her, taking her hands and placing them on her head. Then, with a wink and a wicked smile the teacher calmly pulled her uniform skirt to her ankles murmured, “Since you volunteered. Keep your hands there until everyone else has gone.”  
  
Susan stood on display to her unseeing classmates and watched as Miss Grant turned and walked to the door.  
  
“Girls, you may remove your blindfolds.”

Part 2  
  
Susan stood, nervous, as her classmates took off their blindfolds. She kept her hands where Miss Grant had placed them, on top of her head. She had to keep them there until all the others had left. Every girl in the class would see her on display, for as long as they wanted. She felt her nipples stiffening even more, and the faint scent of her own arousal. Why was she doing this?  
  
“Oh my God, they did it to all of us!”   
“I can't believe they had us all walking round like that.”   
“What a bunch of perverts.”  
  
Kelly Johnson right behind her desk raised her voice so that everyone would hear. “Talking about perverts, hi, Susan.”  
Karen grinned at her from her left. “Why are you standing like that?”  
“I'm not allowed to move my hands until you've all finished here.”  
“What, not at all? Why?” asked her friend.  
“I think because I guessed that everyone was knickerless. So I put up my hand.”  
  
Kelly laughed. “What? To the question about showing yourself off? Well, you're certainly doing that. Maybe we should stay here for a few minutes, what do you think, girls?”  
  
“Sod that. I'm heading to the ladies' and getting dressed again,” said Jane Stevens, tossing her blonde ponytail angrily. “It's not like she's got anything the rest of us don't anyway.”  
  
“Why bother to go to the ladies'? Like you said, it's not like you're any different from the rest of us,” piped up Sarah. Suiting action to words, she casually pulled her panties on, not even bothering to try and keep her skirt down and flashing black pubic hair as she did so. Sarah was proud of her pubes, in a teenage girl sort of way, and had no problem in showing them off in front of some of her less well endowed classmates.  
  
Jane gave her a dirty look. “Just 'cos you're a hairy bitch..,”she began.  
“Just 'cos you're bald down there,” Sarah interrupted. “No need to be jealous.”  
“I am not! You're just jealous that I'm a natural blonde.”   
She unfolded her pink panties and pulled them on, displaying as she did so a nearly hairless slit with a faint down of fine blonde hair.   
  
Susan trembled as Kelly turned back to her and casually reached out to lift her blouse and expose her to the whole room. She blushed and lowered her eyes, but kept her hands on her head.  
“Turn you on, Sue? You're getting damp, girl. What do you think, folks? I think she likes this.”  
“Maybe we should strip her completely,” laughed Angie, tugging on her own panties. “What do you say Susan? Should we get you naked? Maybe blindfolded as well?”  
  
“Way cool.”  
“Yeah, let's get her bare.”  
  
Susan shuddered. “Please.”  
Kelly smiled into her eyes.”Please what?” She started undoing Susan's blouse. “I'll stop if you ask me to. But you don't want to do that, do you?” She pulled the blouse wider, revealing Susan's belly button. Angie stepped forward and raised the blindfold, enclosing the trembling half-naked girl in darkness again.  
  
She heard Karen's voice. “You can stop this, you know. Just ask.”  
  
Susan shivered, but kept silent, her hands on her head as she felt more air on her skin. She was embarrassed as all hell, but at the same time she desperately wanted them to continue. She felt someone untying her shoes, and obediently stepped out of them, and her socks. She'd never felt better, or worse, in her whole life. Someone undid her tie, and her blouse was pulled wide. Then they stopped, leaving her with blouse open, standing on display.  
  
Kelly's voice seemed to come from a great distance. “Finish the job, Susan. Strip. We want you naked.”  
  
Without thinking, she took her hands from her head, and let her blouse fall to the floor, then unhooked her bra and dropped it. Without being told, she put her hands back on her head.  
  
“You're such a slut, Susan. Now kneel so I can put you on a lead.”  
  
She whimpered softly, but knelt, helpless in the grip of her own arousal. She felt something being put round her neck. It felt like leather. A soft tug and she crawled forward. Hands reached down to pat her head, like a dog. She felt her thighs damp with her own juices. All around her she heard laughter and ribald comments. What the hell was wrong with her?   
  
“Having fun, girls?” Miss Grant's voice cut across the soft murmurs of the watching class. Oh shit.  
  
“Miss. Uhm, that is, eh, we were just, uhm,” Kelly stammered.  
  
“Kelly, you will report to my office. Immediately. Susan, take off that blindfold and get dressed. The rest of you, out. Go home. And if I hear the slightest hint of a whisper about this, the girl in question will regret the day she was born. Dismissed.”  
  
There was a sudden scramble for the door as Susan slowly took off the blindfold. She looked up from her knees at the deputy head.  
  
“Once you're dressed, you can get along to my office as well.”  
  
“Yes, miss.” She stood and started to pull on her uniform as quickly as she could. Miss Grant watched her for a second, then turned abruptly and left her alone.  
  
She couldn't find her knickers or bra. Damn, one of the others must have taken them. Bitches. Nothing to do about it now. She pulled her blouse straight and did up her tie, pulled on her skirt and blazer. Sock and shoes, then almost at a run she headed for Miss's office, her heart thumping.  
  
Kelly stood white-lipped, nervously rubbing her fingers as she waited outside Miss Grant's office. God she was going to be expelled. Her parents would have a fit. How could she have been so stupid? Miss Grant walked up, her expressionless face not even showing anger. Kelly shivered.  
  
“Inside.”  
  
She followed the older woman in and stood in front of the desk. Miss Grant looked up at her slowly, as if she was an interesting form of insect to be squashed. She felt her knees trembling. Oh ...!  
  
“Would you care to explain? Can you explain why I found you leading one of your classmates, stark naked, around by a dog collar in the middle of one of my classrooms?”  
  
Kelly shook her head nervously. “No, miss.”  
  
“I see. So how should I punish you?”  
  
She swallowed. “I don't know, miss.”  
  
“Maybe I should give you a taste of your own medicine, have her lead you naked on a leash? Would you like that?”  
  
“No, please miss, you can't!” blurted Kelly in sudden terror that maybe she would. God, she'd die of shame.  
  
“Can't I? You just stand there and think about it while I let your friend in.”   
  
Jane got up and opened the door. “Susan, please come inside,” she said in a softer voice than was her habit. Behind her, Kelly shook with fear. Oh shit. The bloody woman probably would strip her. Lead her on a leash. She would. She bit her lip, trying not to cry.  
  
Miss Grant resumed her seat.  
  
“Now, Susan, why don't you tell me what happened?”  
  
“Uhm, well, er..” Susan trailed off. What was she supposed to say?  
  
“I was asking Kelly here whether she should be stripped and leashed herself as a punishment.”  
  
“Oh, no, miss. Please don't. She didn't mean anything.” The words were out before Susan could stop herself.  
  
“When I walked in you were crawling naked on a lead like a dog, Susan. Are you saying you think this is acceptable behaviour? That it is alright for Kelly to humiliate you like that? Myself, I consider suspension at least to be necessary for that sort of bullying. Perhaps even expulsion.” She looked meaningfully into Kelly's scared eyes. The girl shook like a leaf in a gale.  
  
Susan blushed. She hesitated and caught Kelly's eye, seeing the fear there. She couldn't let her be punished like that. She knew Kelly's parents and they'd do their nuts. She squared her shoulders and raised her head determinedly.  
  
“Miss, I agreed to do it. It wasn't bullying, just a dare. It was silly and wrong, but if you're going to punish Kelly, you have to punish me too.”  
  
Miss Grant leant back in her chair. “I see. A dare. Well in that case... undress, Susan. Strip, right now.”  
  
Susan flushed, but didn't argue. She took off her blazer and folded it before putting it on the desk in front of her, then knelt to take off her shoes and socks.  
  
Kelly watched, astonished. Susan had saved her, but at what price?  
  
“No underwear, Susan?”  
  
“Sorry miss, I think one of the other girls must have taken them by mistake,” she said, folding her skirt neatly and placing it on top of her discarded clothes. She put her hands on her head.  
  
Jane gave a thin smile. “Kelly, why don't you put Susan's collar back on her?”  
  
As the girl buckled the leather round her friend's neck Jane went on, “We don't get a lot of cases where girls parade themselves naked. However, it is against the school rules, so how should we punish you, young lady? Any suggestions Kelly?”  
  
“Uhm, no miss.”  
  
“Well, I should punish both of you, since you're not blameless in this either Miss Johnson.” She walked over to the large grey filing cabinet against the side wall, and opened the bottom drawer. “This hasn't been used for a while, but I suspect that neither of you will object, will you?” She held up a well-worn leather belt.

Part 3  
  
Miss Grant idly hefted the tawse in her hands, running her fingers over the thick worn leather, the split end. She looked coldly at the two nervous fourteen-year-olds.  
  
“Kelly, you first. Bend over the desk and lift your skirt.”  
Kelly moved slowly to the indicated position, inwardly cursing the fact that she hadn't yet replaced her own knickers. She bent over and lifted her skirt.  
  
“Higher, above your waist. Hmm, I see you have an exhibitionist streak in you too. One extra for that.”  
“Yes, miss.”  
  
“Susan, kneel. You will count each stroke. Kelly, if you attempt to stand up, we will start over. Keep your head down and your bottom up. Understood?”  
  
“Yes, miss.” Susan dropped obediently to her knees, her hands still on top of her head. Instinctively, she kept her knees apart, not attempting to hide her pubis with its down of soft brown hairs.  
  
“Yes, miss.” Kelly straightened her legs and closed her eyes in anticipation.  
  
Crack. Kelly yelped. Miss Grant looked at Susan. “One.”  
Crack. “Yow.” “Two.”  
Crack “Eeee!” “Three.”  
Crack! “Ooooh.” “Four.” Susan noticed that Kelly's knuckles were white where she gripped the desk.  
Crack! “Aahhhh!” “Five.”  
  
“Excellent. Kelly, if you rub your backside I'll give you another dose. Now stand over there and keep count for Susan. Susan, over you go. Same applies; stand up and I start again.”  
  
“Yes, miss.” The naked girl assumed the position just vacated by her chastened friend.  
  
Crack. Pain filled her bottom, her very being. “Owww!” “One.”  
Crack. “Aah” She was on fire. “two.”  
Crack. “Aaah.” God this was sore. “Three.”  
Crack. “Oooh” Bloody hell! She bit her lip as Miss Grant paused, waiting for Kelly. The heat began to sink into her. “Four.”  
Crack. “Aaah.” She felt the tears running freely down her face. “Five.”  
Crack. “Oooh” “Six.” She started to stand, only to feel a firm hand in the small of her back, glanced round.  
  
“Stay down!” Miss Grant handed Kelly the belt. Oh God. She looked away hurriedly.  
  
“Kelly. Make sure you lay them correctly. If I think you're going easy, I'll use your backside to remind you how to do it. Four.”   
  
“Yes, miss. Are you ready, Susan?” Kelly's voice sounded nervous. It made her feel better.  
  
“Yes, miss,” she replied, putting her head down and closing her eyes.  
  
Crack! “Aaaahhh.” God, Kelly really hit her hard. “Not good enough. Harder.”  
  
Crack! “Oooohh! Ooww!” “Better, two.”  
  
Craaack! “Aaaahhh! Oh, ow, ow!” Her hand instinctively flew to her bottom, only to be grabbed by a stronger. She felt strong hands on her shoulders.   
  
“I told you to stay down. Kelly, you can give her three more, as hard as you can. Susan, you will thank her after each stroke.”  
  
“Yes, miss.”   
“Yes, miss.”  
  
“Wait. Susan, do you want me to hold you, or will you stay down for all three?”  
  
“Please miss, I can't... I can't. Please hold me.” Susan's voice was trembly and barely loud enough to be heard. Miss Grant stroked her sweat-soaked hair.  
  
“Hush, of course you can take this. Give me your hands. There's a good girl.”  
  
Trembling, Susan reached across the desk, looked up wide-eyed at the teacher as her hands were grasped firmly but gently. The woman was smiling softly at her.   
  
“You need this, Susan, you know you do.”   
She felt herself nod meekly.  
  
Crack! “ooww!” she pulled futilely against the strong grip on her wrists. “What do you say?”  
“Th,... thank.. you,” she managed to whimper between sobs.   
Crack! “ohhhhh, God, please...”   
“Ahem.”   
“Thank you, Kelly.”  
Crack! “Aaah!” She collapsed over the desk, sobbing. A hand stroked her hair.  
“Up you get, Susan. Go and thank miss Kelly for giving you what you needed.”  
  
She pushed herself up, barely able to stand, buttocks burning to match her face. Somehow she managed to get on her feet, but Miss Grant's firm hand pushed her to her knees.   
  
“Thank her properly, Susan. On your hands and knees.”  
  
“Yes, miss.” She crawled slowly to Kelly who was still standing with the strap in her hand.  
  
“Doesn't she look beautiful, Kelly? Collared and naked, crawling to her mistress in gratitude for her whipping, the tears running down her face? There's nothing more lovely than a well-thrashed and submissive girl-slave, don't you think?”  
  
Kelly nodded silently, a strange expression on her face.   
  
“Kiss your mistress's feet, Susan. Good. And kiss the strap. There's a lovely girl. Now, why don't you offer her your leash? No, with your mouth. That's right. You know you want this.”  
Head down, Susan nodded, and Miss Grant went on, “We certainly appear to have opened Pandora's box. The question is, what do we do about it?”  
  
Susan lifted her tear-stained face to Kelly's, the lead in her mouth like a dog. Her friend, no, her Mistress, smiled down at her, accepting it and patting her head. She kissed her Mistress' shoes again. It felt so right. She put out her tongue and started to lick them. The heat in her bottom warmed her sex and she felt her juices running down her thighs. She smiled through her tears.  
  
Jane looked at Kelly. “Bring her back tomorrow morning. Be here by 7.30, we have a lot to do. Susan, you will obey Kelly, do you understand? I think we, and especially you, are going to have a long and interesting summer.”  
  
Susan raised her head long enough to say “Yes, miss. Thank you, miss,” and went back to cleaning Mistress Kelly's shoes, happier than she'd ever been.